Agricultural.

T. H. HOSKINS, Newport, Vt., Editor.

WET WEATHER TALK,

It sin't no use to grumble and complain; It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice; When God sorts out the weather and sends rain, W'y, rain's my choice.

Men gener'ly, to all intents-Although they're ap' to gramble some— Puts most their trust in Providence, And takes things as they come;— That is, the commonality Of men that's lived as long as me, Has watched the world enough to learn They're not the boss of this concern

With some, of course, it's different-I've seed young men that knowed it all, And didn't like the way things went On this terrestrial ball! But, all the same, the rain some way Rained just as hard on picule-day; Or when they really wanted it, It maybe wouldn't rain a bit!

In this existence, dry and wet Some little skift o' clouds'il shet The sun off now and then; But maybe, as you're wonderin' who You've fool-like lent your umbrell to, And want it-out'll pop the san, And you'll be giad you sin't got none.

It agreevates the farmers, too-They's too much wet, or too much sun, Or work, or waitin' round to do Before the plowin's done; And maybe, like as not, the wheat, Jest as it's lookin' hard to beat, Will ketch the storm-and jest about The time the corn's a-jintin' out !

These here my-clones a-foolin' round-And back'ard crops—and wind and rain— And yit the corn that's wallered down May elbow up again!
They ain't no sense, as I can see, For mortals sich as you and me, A faultin' Nature's wise intents And lockin' horns with Providence!

It ain't no use to grumble and complain; It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice; When God sorts out the weather and sends rain, W'y rain's my choice. -J. W. Riley, in Sunday Republican.

Brother Tinkham on the Situation.

Our readers are aware (we think) that our brother of the Freeman does not always agree with us, nor we with him. But when we do harmonize it is a sight to see-we go the whole figure. Speaking of the alleged New England fair at Manchester, Brother Tinkham says:

"If some of the agricultural editors are not more careful Brother Hoskins will lose the prominent place of distinction he is credited with filling in connection with the New England Agricultural Society. While at their circus at Manchester, a very prominent agriculturist of New Hampshire remarked to us that Secretary Needham told him that Dr. Hoskins was the only enemy the society had among the agricultural editors of New England. We asked how about Brother Cheever of the New England Farmer. Oh! he had been talked with, and was convinced he had been wrong in his course. Last week Dr. Hoskins, in the Watchman, printed some of our remarks on the fair and some from the Rural New Yorker, in a sort of master-in-chancery taking-testimony-style, as he was not there, and we think the tes-timony will not materially alter his previous opinion. He might have added a bit from Brother Cheever, which does not look as if he had 'been seen' to any very considerable extent. Brother Cheever remarks: 'Side shows and beer shanties. -In this department the society has certainly excelled itself, though strictly speaking there were no side shows this year, the very most central portion of the grounds being given up to this class of exhibits, with the attendant bedlam of disgusting vocal and instrumental screechwere several innocent exhibits, however, in this class, such as a fat hog of mammoth proportions, several curiously deformed domestic animals, and a few native wild ones of interest, exhibited by quiet, well-behaved people, who doubtless made as much money as the outlandish brawlers who seem almost utterly devoid of respect or decency. Of beer and ale stands we counted nearly fifty, and we were told that licenses were sold for a very much larger number; but there was very little drunkenness on the ground. Whether the licensees found they had overdone the business by competition, and so watered their stock till it lost its savor, is a question more easily asked than answered. They all complained of losing money, as the amount of their sales fell short of the license fees paid for ground rent.'

"But the doctor might have taken more testimony. Here is what a writer says, or a little of what he says, in the New England Homestead, which is rather plain speaking also. 'To-day, as I step inside, what a change! To the right and left, long lines of towering tents, the walls of which are covered with illuminated pictures, and under their shades, open sheds, with tables on which waiters toss glasses of ale to men and boys alike. I hurriedly pass on; reach an opening beyond; pause and query—Have I been misled? I went to a menagerie once—yet this would be but an insignificant apology for one-or am I within the inclosure of some mighty variety show? Impossible. I am told that this is "the great New England fair" but where? I am directed to the rear, and in the shadow of these tents I find the cattle. I pass on and soon arrive at a fine-looking building within which I am told is a bench show of fancy bred dogs—so important to agriculture. I pass to the center of the ground. The track is new, built of sand and impossible to keep in decent condition; hence the horses labor heavily to perform their part. I take a further general survey. The grounds are new, taken from a brush lot unmechanically cut; the merciless stubs protruding as signals to move with care. The thousands of tramping feet soon stir up the parched dust, which, towards evening, rises with the wind. Grumbling men and disappointed women leave in disgust the Great New England Fair."

To this Brother Tinkham adds: "Let the good work go on till those who manage our fairs, no matter what be their rank or station, learn to know and feel that the farmers of New England want neither schools for gambling nor drunkenness under the name of agricultural fairs." And let all the people say, Amen! By the way, was that "very prominent agriculturist of New Hampshire" the brave Colonel Riddle, who thought he could "clean us out"?

Marshall P. Wilder.

We acknowledge with much pleasure

venerable president of the American Pomological Society, read at the recent meeting of the society in Philadelphia. Mr. Wilder, at the ripe age of eighty-five years, is still active and useful, retaining all his interest in the progress of horticultural and pomological knowledge. The influence of Mr. Wilder, and of men like him, is great during their life, but is far from ending there. It is a constant stimulus to their younger contemporaries, and through them to others still younger, so that in constantly widening circles what Mr. Wilder has done and said will be active for good, perhaps for centuries. No more noble or unselfish life has been led amongst us than that of Mr. Wilder, who has spent the best part of a century in gathering together from all parts of the world and thoroughly testing in New England everything among the fruits of the earth, likely to be valuable to our people. He is indeed a great benefactor, and more like what we might imagine man to have been before the fall than what, also, he too often proves himself to be. Great as a pomologist, Mr. Wilder stands high on the roll of American merchants, worthy to rank by the side of George Peabody. There are few indeed more truly great than he among the worthies of this age.

Vick's Monthly Magazine.

The receipt of the October issue of this elegant little monthly reminds us that we ought occasionally to call the attention of our flower-loving readers to its merits in order that those who do not already take it should at least send for a specimen copy. For practical information on all points of horticulture it has no superior, if even it has an equal, at any price, though some floral publications are very expensive. Vick's is but \$125 a year, and for this trifle of ten cents a month you get a compendium of necessary information for all gardeners or growers of house plants, and in each issue a beautiful floral chromo as a frontispiece. The magazine is edited with great care and the answers to correspondents are careful, intelligible, and fully to be depended upon.

REMEDY FOR PLANT LICE.-Vick's recipe is a tablespoonful of kerosene well mixed by shaking with half a teacupful of milk, and then diluted with two gallons of water. Apply with a garden syringe. Professor Riley recommends a preparation to be made as follows: add one quart of soft soap to two gallons of milk and boil them; when cool add one gallon of kerosene and stir them together. When used, take as much as is necessary of the mixture and add to it twenty times as much water, mixing thoroughly. Apply with a syringe, or the spraying nozzle of a hand pump. For delicate plants it is well to wash soon afterwards with pure

ORLEANS COUNTY NOTES .- Dea. Clement of Barton Landing has raised the past season on twenty rods of ground one hundred bushels of fine onions, says the Monitor. This is at the rate of eight hundred bushels to the acre, a very extra crop..... ing and banging. Even the speaking at the president's tent on governor's day, was repeatedly interrupted by the deafening noise from this central show. There dred and fifty pounds of butter per cow the sofa, and close in front of it the in-from his two Jerseys up to October 1. E. evitable "sofa table." One side of the B. Simonds of the same town has one three-fourths Jarsey from which he has made three hundred and sixty pounds in the last seven months..... Dr. R. B. Skinner of Barton has recently sold three Jersey calves to Connecticut for \$450.

> RURAL NEW YORKER .- We omitted to notice the splendid fair number of the good old Rural. An exchange says of it: The annual fair number of The Rural New Yorker comes to us once more, and there can be no doubt that it is the handsomest agricultural publication in the world. We are proud to be able to say this of an American journal, and we wish the Rural such liberal support as may enable it to continue to lead." We add to this encomium, not only the handsomest, but the best.

THE Norway, Maine, Advertiser says some seventeen or eighteen years ago, Mr. Joseph Robinson of Oxford, Maine, purchased a small farm, supporting only one cow and a horse. This year the same farm cuts over one hundred tons of the best of hay and supports from twenty to thirty head of cattle. The selectmen say it is the most valuable farm for its number of acres in town. Still there has not been a single year in which the income has not exceeded the outlay.

If the tendency of poverty is to breed envy and discontent, and drive men to crime by breaking down their respect for the rights of property, the no less sure ten-dency of wealth is towards over-indulgence, selfishness, and disregard for the rights of others. If poverty makes thieves, wealth makes tyrants, and which class is the more dangerous to society is not an easy question to answer.

THE price of labor is just now higher on farms than anywhere else, and without good reason. Here the complicated question of the tariff comes in, and it is asserted that while the New England farmer pays high duties for labor, implements and clothing, he competes under free-trade principles with the farmers and gardeners of the West and South.

THE Springfield Republican of October 10 says: "The sorghum men have a cele-bration to-day at the Potts plantation at Rio Grande, N. J., where twelve hundred scres have been devoted to this crop, and four tons of sugar a day is now being produced. They want a sorghum com-mission independent of the agricultural bureau." We should think so!

THE present dullness prevalent in the manufacture of woolen fabrics is the result of over-production and over-competithe receipt, with the autograph of the author, of a copy of the address of the prise, overstocking a limited home market.

The Mireside.

We stood for a little together The water kissing our feet; Around us glowed glad bright weather; The morning and you were sweet.

I thought, as you stood there dreaming, 'Twas you that lighted the day; And the water dancing and gleaming And harrying ever away.

Vocal with brief light laughter. Seemed to linger a little, and after I think it agreed with me

Finshed with the wind and glowing, Hair in the anniight blowing, Smiling a dreamy smile.

The water sang, "Love is a treasure," Sweeter than all beside."

Glad but to kiss your feet;

But loving can make it sweet. And laughed and lottered around you, Surely finding you fair;

And the merry sun kissed and crowned you Queen of the morning there. Everything fair seemed to love you, Seemed proud at your feet to fall;

And the lark, singing high up above you, Sang you were the fairest of all. And scarcely a word was spoken, But our souls to each other spoke, Till the dreamy spell was broken,

And so in the glorious weather

Happy in being together, Happily wandered away.

-Herbert E. Clark, in Harper's Magazine.

Summering on the Semmering. IN TWO PARTS - PART I.

"O, give me a cot in the valley I love— A tent in the greenwood—a home in the grove; I care not how humble, for happy "twill be If mamus and Myo but share it with me."

So sang Dr. Julian Atley, as, pausing on the brow of a little hill, he pointed to a peasant's cot, visible across green fields. nestling at the foot of a mountain whose pine-covered sides made a somber back-ground to the group of white buildings. "That is our new home, my dear, where,

according to your desire, you will see nothing of the fashionable world, but where you may obtain an insight into the every-day life of these Styrian peasants, whose homes are guarded and frowned upon by these grand 'Alpine heights.'

"It makes a beautiful picture," re-joined Mrs. Atley, "and I am sure that the change from the stifling, choleraladen air of Vienna to the clear, tonic atmosphere upon the Semmering will be thoroughly appreciated by each of us. Eh, Myo?

The little fellow thus addressed was too busy scuffling along the dusty road, and enveloping himself in a cloud of pulverized earth, to make reply.
"It is such beautiful dust, mamma!"

remonstrated he when called upon to de-

Descending from the highway by a grassy slope which led into a little valley through which flowed a clear mountain stream, they crossed a rustic bridge, and entered the domain of Herr Johann Pontesegger, Bauer, or peasant free-holder, in whose cottage was to be their home for

the next four weeks.

Mrs. Atley had only a confused idea of a collection of buildings and a number of people as they were ushered up the narrow outside stairway into their room, which had a neat and unfamiliar look. The floor was bare, but to that they were accustomed. In one corner stood a tall, cylindrical, yellow, earthen stove; in another, a small cupboard with glass doors, holding a few pieces of precious old china. Between the front windows was room was occupied with the two narrow beds, which stood foot to foot along the How odd they looked to American wall. eyes! There were no quilts or counter A small feather bed, over which was drawn a pink gingham case, was the only covering; the pillow-cases were of the same pink gingham. The only white visible was the coarse linen sheet drawn tightly over the bed, upon which the sleeper was expected to repose, snugly ensconced under the pink gingham-covered feather bed.

Mrs. Atley, upon whom former experiences had left an impress, glanced at the beds, and then, turning to the good frau, who had accompanied them to the room, inquired how often the bed-linen could be changed.
"Once a month," promptly replied the

old lady.
"Oh, that will never do in the world.

We are used to changing our beds once a week." "Once a week!" echoed the frau. "I couldn't do that. I haven't bedding enough. We only wash four times a

It was now Mrs. Atley's turn to be surprised. "Four times a year! Why, in America we wash every week." The frau seemed to feel this statement

as a thrust at German institutions, and immediately turned the dart toward the

"Humph!" said she. "The Americans must be dreadful poor, or awful dirty

to need to wash so often. This answer put both parties in good humor; and after some good-natured bar-gaining, it was agreed that the bed and pillow-cases should be changed once a week, and the lower sheet on the alternate week. The frau then turned to leave the room, when her eye espied something that needed attention. Behind the stove, on the floor, lay a number of circular objects, perhaps eighteen inches in diameter and four or five inches thick in the center, of the color of pig-iron, and looking solid enough to be made of that material.

"Here, you Kattle," she exclaimed, come and take this bread away." "Bread!" ejaculated Dr. Atley. "]

thought they were paving stones for a barricade in case of seige."

Kattle (which, by the way, is the South German diminutive for Katrina, and answers to our Katie)—a short, stout girl, whose joints moved as if on pivots, and whose broad, stolid face and big, blue, expressionless eyes gave her an added like-ness to an animated wooden doll—answered the call, and the bread was removed from the room, and stored on the floor of the hall outside.

"We bake only once a month," ex-

plained the frau.

Myo and his mamma afterward had an opportunity to observe the baking process in a big out-door brick oven, and to see how the warm bread was put to cool, each loaf in a basket of its own size and shape, and when cool was piled away in any convenient corner, sometimes under a bed.

"I think we can endure this for a few weeks," said the Doctor, when the frau and Kattle had taken their leave. "We

can spend the days in the open air, and take our meals at the Gast Haus-"

" By no means," interrupted his wife. "I intend to learn what peasant life really is, and I shall ask the frau to let me cook on her stove; then I will be at liberty to enter the kitchen when I please, and I shall use both eyes and tongue. We can live in hotels at home, but I shall never have another opportunity like this, and I mean to improve it."

The frau was not averse to having her cuisins inspected by the strangers, though she evidently thought it very odd that any one should prefer to do their own cooking when they might sit in the shady garden of the little inn, drinking beer and gossiping. She seemed to consider it as a compliment that her ways were of interest to these "queer Americans," and answered freely and pleasantly all questions; in fact, almost with a complacent pride at being able to enlighten the woeful ignorance of these unfortunate natives of the Hinter Waelder (backwoods) of America.

The question of providing their own atables was easily settled. The baker was easily settled. from Spital am Semmering, the nearest village, passed along the highway every morning, and from him they obtained the black bread, or Land Brod, of which they had become very fond; and the crisp white flour Semmel, which, since the centennial, have become so well known and liked in America, as "Vienna rolls." Butter, eggs, and milk could be procured from the frau, and huckleberries were to be had on the mountain side for the

Frau Pontesegger's kitchen was perhaps twelve feet square, but a large part of it was taken up by the great cook-stove, which was built of brick and plastered over, the only iron about it being the top. The openings for cooking utensils were not fitted with a solid lid, but with rings of various dimensions, one inside of the other, so that each opening could be graduated in size to fit a kettle two inches in diameter, or one ten inches. "What is this green stuff you are always cooking on the stove?" asked Mrs.

Atley, one day.
"It is food for the cows. We gather leaves and plants, and the tender branches of the ash-trees, cut them up fine, cook them, and mix them with bran."

"You haven't seen our cows, have you ?" asked Kattle. "Come with me, and I will show them to you."

The farm buildings formed three sides of a hollow square, the dwelling being on one side, and a row of low sheds with doors, which sheltered the pigs at night, connecting the house with the barn and cow-stable on the opposite side of the square. Kattle led the way in front of the row of pig-pens to the bovine quarters, which were large and quite clean, but with little ventilation. In four stalls stood the fat, well-groomed cows, ruminating as peacefully as if in full enjoyment of their liberty.

"Do you keep your cows shut up all the time ?" "Oh, no, indeed! Daniel and Agnes

take them out after dinner to their past-ure on the mountain-side." "And why don't they take them out in

"Why, they must stay in until after they are milked at noon, you know," ex-claimed Kattle, with a little air of sur-prise at the foolishness of the question.

"Do you milk three times a day?" "Why, certainly. Morning, noon and night we milk and feed."

"What is that?" inquired Mrs. Atley, pointing to an oblong frame suspended from the ceiling about four feet from the ground. This frame was about six feet ong, three feet wide, and ten or twelve inches in depth, with a close board bottom, and was filled with straw.
"That is Marie's bed."

Marie was the stout maid of all outdoor work; in fact, she was the "hired

"Reaped and mowed, And plowed and sowed, And was a farmer's boy. "Marie's bed?" exclaimed Mrs. Atley.

"Does she sleep here?"

"Indeed, she does. And it is a far more comfortable place to sleep in than most of the girls have, I can tell you; though, of course, few of them have to go so far from the house. It's a great deal more sociable where the cow stable opens right into the kitchen, as the peasants

generally have it." Mrs. Atley shook her head, as if doubting this assertion, and asked "But how does she get into bed?"

"Oh, that's easy enough. She uses that little ladder." "I should think she would be afraid to sleep here," continued Mrs. Atley, mus-ingly. "Why, she could almost touch the

cows if she were to put her hand out of "Well, the cows wouldn't hurt her. Besides, they are tied. But she sleeps here only in the summer," said Kattle, as they returned to the house. "In winter she has this nice little room."

As she spoke she threw open a door adjoining the pig-pens, and showed a lit-tle room in which she could not have stood upright. The door was the only aperture for light or air, and a chicken

coop occupied one corner.
"Does she have the chickens for room-

mates?" inquired Mrs. Atley.
"The chickens, and little Kattle, too,"

was the reply.
"Why, does little Kattle sleep here?"
"Why?" echoed Kattle. "When should she sleep but with her mother?"
This little Kattle was a fair-faced, blueeyed child of a year and a half old, whom Mrs. Atley had supposed to be the frau's

"I did not know that Marie was mar-

"She isn't," responded Kattle, simply.
"Oh," said Mrs. Atley.—Mary A. Allen, in Christian Union. [CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only weeds where a cheerful disposition would cause flowers to bloom. The habit of fretting is one that grows rapidly unless sternly re-pressed; and the best way to overcome it is to try always and look on the cheerful side of things .- Criterion.

It is a good habit to form, this of silent prayer, for so we can surround ourselves, wherever we are and whatever we are concerned about, with an atmosphere of devotion. The man who is ready with prayer all the time will not be apt to go

FREDDIE (late to breakfast): "Papa, what is the difference between me and those baked potatoes?" "Give it up, Freddie." "Why, the potatoes Early Rose, and I didn't."

A BEAUTIFUL answer was given by a little Scotch girl. When her class was examined she replied to the question, "What is patience?" "Wait a wee, and dinna weary."

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